



REV. WM. A. DECKER, D. D., General Secretary of the Board of Christian Missions, New York City.

VOL. II.

THE LAST RESTING PLACE

Of the Imperial House of Austria.

By GEORGE H. BOKER, L. L. D.

For THE VOICE OF MISSIONS.

Religious from the square that derives its name from St. Stephen's cathedral, whose lofty spire, rising to an elevation of nearly 500 feet, can be seen from all quarters of the imperial city of Vienna, are numerous streets and lanes of which one terminates in a smaller square well remembered from the celebrated "Donner fontaine," upon which are grouped the personifications of the Danube and her tributaries. Opposite this monument an unpretentious building stands up a steep gable; its purpose is evident from the statue of a monk placed in a niche; he wears the garment of the Order of Capuchins, who also own the adjoining church.

Repeatedly I had visited the church and endeavored to locate the rustic door which my dreams had shown me as covering up the entrance to the dark and dismal catacombs that harbor the earthly remains of those of the House of Habsburg; yet in vain proved my explorations in all the recesses of the church.

It was all Sunday day, and drawn to the sacred spot by the waves of impulsive music that floated out from within, I entered through the principal portal when I noticed a corridor leading into the adjoining building, exhibiting, to the right, a small door and exposing a stairway from the depth of which I heard soft, murmuring sounds.

Descending the stone steps, I at last reached the goal of my desire and before me opened a vault supported by pillars, between which a soft light fell upon the foreground, leaving the background in darkness.

An aged monk, dressed in the regulation garments of his order, received me. He was the personification of equanimity; his behaviour was neither furtive nor morose, he exhibited neither anxiety nor melancholy, and his words fell in slow measured tones. He was a being in whom ambition and desires, love and hatred, had ceased, and who unconsciously and mechanically performed the functions assigned him, allowing the machine of life to drive on without concern of its termination.

The monk seized a lamp and with an inaudible step he led the way to an iron grating which divided the vault through the center, to the left of which a daylight entered through window openings, while to the right darkness prevailed, interrupted only occasionally by the reflection from some metallic object. Along both walls were placed rows of sarcophagi.

Through an iron door we entered a corridor formed of iron gratings, upon which the light was reflected but a very short distance, all the remainder being shrouded in impenetrable darkness and gloom.

Turning the lamp to the right the brilliant light fell upon the entrance of a sarcophagus which the guide announced as that of Leopold the First. Its ornate carvings are very peculiar and crowned skulls projecting from the corners render it a rather ghastly object to behold. Next follows a low, dark coffin containing the remains of Charles the Sixth. Three plain cases of zinc harbor all that is left of Emperors Maximilian, Ferdinand the First and his son Ferdinand the Second; these are followed by coffins of members of the imperial family whose heads were never burdened by the imperial crown. Of these the last three do not stand parallel to the others, but at right angles and side by side, facing the wall.

Retracing our steps we enter the opposite corridor, and passing by the numerous coffins of less important members, we pause to admire a most precious monument erected to Margaret of Spain, the first wife of Leopold the First, in the construction of which sixteen hundred pounds of pure silver had been consumed. Her remains were the first ones that in 1618 found a resting place in these sacred grounds.

Leaving the darker part of the crypts we enter a hall which by a row of pillars is divided into two parts, the connecting arches forming separate vaults.

The first room contains a large number of cases grouped around a large and magnificent double sarcophagus upon which are placed crown and scepter, the emblems of power. The imperial robe hangs down in graceful folds, enlarded the tasteful relief which ornament the walls of the case. Here rests Maria Theresia and her

husband, Francis I; they are surrounded by their children and nearest kin. A square, case of lead, without ornamentation or arabesques encloses the remains of Joseph the Second. What a contrast to the magnificence displayed by his parents.

Then follows a vault dedicated to "Francis the Emperor," surrounded by his wives who preceded him in death, his daughter, and his grandson the King of Rome.

The second row of vaults enclose the remains of Leopold the Second and his immediate family.

And now turning to the last room to the right we observe as its occupant, but one coffin. A soft light falls upon the zinc enclosure and the withered flowers upon it; a cross and two silver wreaths adorn the lid, silk ribbon, red and white, project from the garlands and upon them appear the words "Remember" and "Maximilian Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, Emperor of Mexico." Is there a coffin in this imperial vault that speaks as impressively as this one? The wreaths glitter upon the somber case as if smiting tears from under the silvery leaves; one was sent by the ladies of Mexico, the other placed there by his wife, as her last wish, until she herself, after the darkness of mental night has given away to a peaceful eternal night, may join her beloved down here where all rest among those they have loved in life.

BROWN COLLEGE.

The "Nat for Negro Philosophers" Cracked.

(BY PROF. D. J. JORDAN OF MORRIS.)

EDITOR VOICE OF MISSIONS:—

Although I have but few moments to call my own, because of the labor attendant upon preparations for the needed rest in this lastly prepared and feeble attempt to do a service for those of your readers who may have been misled by an article in your issue for May.

The article referred to was clipping from the Atlanta Constitution, with your editorial comment. It quotes a gentleman as saying at the Kimball House that, "All talk of building up a Negro state is the merest moonshine." The laws of physiology show that propagation can only exist under the triumphant feeling of superiority.

"This sense of fear has an effect upon fecundity," he learnedly remarks, and as proof cites the extinction of the western antelopes and buffaloes, and the sterility among the Indians. From these premises he reaches the conclusion that it will be similar with the Negro; that he will dwindle away and finally become extinct. He accounts for the extinction of species in the animal kingdom by asserting that "the creatures become imbued with the feeling that they were always in danger."

Now, Mr. Editor, you gave this as "a nut for Negro philosophers to crack," and although I lay no claim to such distinction, yet I do not hesitate to pronounce the doctrine false and foolish, for I do not think it requires a philosopher to expose its absurdity.

The laws of nature are but God manifesting Himself in His works. God is unchangeable, and His laws, of necessity, must partake of His nature. Hence, if the statements of this gentleman be true now, they have been so always, and if they have not always been true they are not now. If it has been true always, we should be able to find it recorded upon the pages of history and to see it at work among the peoples who have preceded us.

For—"All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom."

Let us take some of the ancient peoples who lived among their superiors, and see whether or not they became extinct by reason of the presence of a more powerful people.

Seventeen hundred years before Christ there moved into Egypt a handful of people and dwelt in the land of Goshen. They were strangers in a strange land, and at every step came in contact with the greatest people then on earth. These Israelites were socially ostracized, and in other ways were made to know and feel their inferiority. But instead of dying out according to the gentleman's rule, they increased so rapidly that Pharaoh became alarmed and cruelly enslaved them, and yet they did not die out, for in a few hundred years they numbered nearly three millions. The bondage of Israel in Egypt was more similar to Negro slavery in America than any other case in history. So, if the gentleman's theory failed in that instance, we might reasonably rest our case. But since it is never safe to establish or disestablish a rule upon the strength of a single case, I go further.

In the early days of the Roman Republic, "when to be a Roman was greater than to be a king," the two classes of citizens were patricians and plebeians, the former being the ruling class. They oppressed and enslaved the plebs, subjecting them to every form of cruelty and hardship. But did the plebs die? Did they become "sterile" and their race suffer extinction? No; but on the other hand they

struggled against these matters until every position in the government was open to and filled by patricians and plebeians alike.

Without multiplying instances, let us inquire whether or not the gentleman's rule holds good in the history of the Negro in America. Here is a race that has suffered sufficiently since 1620 to have destroyed foundation among them entirely, if there were any truth in this new philosopher's assertions. The character of Negro slavery in the United States, for cruelty and pure diabolism, is probably without a parallel in history.

Everything that could be done or said to oppress the Negro with the idea of his inferiority to the white man has not been forgotten or neglected. Since there are many persons alive who know too well by sad experience more than my pen can describe, I need not upon those evil times, whose baneful influences are to-day sapping the life-blood of the land.

But have all the hardships destroyed fecundity in the Negro? Did he become sterile in the days of slavery? No. But from less than a score of persons in 1620, he had increased in 1865 to more than four millions, nor has the increase been less marked since freedom than before, for in less than thirty years he has more than doubled his population.

And although the gentleman may not know this, there are persons of his race who are not so blind to things transpiring about them; for, some years ago the New Orleans Times-Democrat was reported to have said that the population of the colored people was growing so rapidly that something must be done to stop the increase.

Since there is no place on earth where the gentleman's rule has shown itself at work in either ancient or modern times, we may safely conclude that, so far as our world is concerned, his rule must have passed into "innocuous desuetude" before the creation, and has not yet been revived.

As to the Indian, he never has been prolific. He had inhabited this country from a time to which the memory of man reaches, and his history is yet there, when the white man came here, yet there were not more than a few hundred thousand in the present boundary of the United States.

Respecting the extinction of species in the animal kingdom, I have to say that probably the chief cause of agent in that work is amalgamation, climate and food have some effect. Extinction is by no means peculiar to the animal kingdom, for it is just as frequent in the vegetable world. Mutability is written upon every thing terrestrial; and animal species have become extinct by the operation of the same law which has blotted out species in the vegetable kingdom. They were not extinguished for want of room; for there is sufficient surface on earth for every plant that ever existed. But they are gone, and to say that they ceased to propagate because they feared the superior plants would place one in danger of being sent to the lunatic asylum.

The gentleman possibly thought that he clinched his point by referring to the passing away of the buffaloes in the west; but had he taken the time to observe where such a conclusion would lead him, he would hardly have risked his reputation upon the statement. He shields himself, however, by passing under the modest title of a "Gentleman."

If the presence of superior animals has driven out the buffalo, the world would like to know what animal it is that has just made its appearance. If the presence of man has caused the buffalo's extinction, then the questions recur: Why is it that other less powerful and far more timid animals have not become extinct? and since man has been here for thousands of years, why are there any animals left?

The truth is, the buffalo has become extinct because he was killed out faster than he could propagate. That is the secret object of so much lynching of Negroes.

The want of time and respect for your space prevent me from saying more, but when the gentleman observes that rocks crumble, that plants die, and that the stars of heaven are continually being swept from the sky, possibly he will then be able to account for the phenomena without advertising his ignorance in a vain attempt to injure a poor, struggling race.

A LARGE number of trustees were at Wilberforce University commenced. Teachers were principally selected for the following year. Miss Elizabeth Jackson, daughter of the learned Dr. T. H. Jackson, was elected lady principal. Rev. Horace Talbert, professor of languages, we learn, has resigned for more active work. The graduates for this year were, John W. Watson, of Texas; Marion E. Davis, of Mississippi; S. Timothy Tice, of Florida; William Byrd, of Ohio; Eva J. McCullum, Linnie E. Talbert, of Kentucky; Gertrude A. Evans, of Kentucky; Harvey A. O'Neal, of New Jersey; Mattie M. Bell, of Kentucky; Julia F. T. Watson, of Mississippi; Gertrude B. Barnes, of Ohio; Richard C. Blue, George A. Bailly, of Ohio; Henry J. Lucas, of Arkansas.

EARLY to bed makes early to rise.

Bishop Ward Has Left Us

By Rev. Thomas M. D. Ward D. D., departed this life June 10th and the nearby gates of the New Jerusalem swung ajar to grant him entrance. A hero in word and deed has gone to his rest, and the church, for the third time this quadrennium, is called upon to mourn the loss, not only of a brother well beloved, but one who championed her every interest, and neither staggered nor faltered at any responsibility.

We first met the Bishop in the city of Baltimore, in the spring of 1860. He had but recently returned from California, where he had been serving his church as a missionary for some years, and was on route, as I recollect, to the general conference, which convened at Pittsburgh, Pa. He preached Sabbath afternoon in Bethel church, at the request of the pastor, Rev. John M. Brown, afterward Bishop. At that time, he was tall, well proportioned, active, symmetrical and fine looking. His heavy gold watch-chain made some of us, who were more sanctimonious than religious, spit him as a dandy; but in a few moments after he began his sermon, all criticism as to his appearance, vanished, and his massive brain, rhetorical tongue and eloquent lips deluged the vast assembly with such force and amazement that we all felt that a shower of glittering gems were falling from heaven. He preached about thirty minutes, for he always regarded that as the proper time for the delivery of a sermon. When he concluded, however, a shout rang through the church from the pulpit to the door, and many called out enthusiastically, "Go on, go on!"

We next met the bishop at the general conference in Philadelphia in 1864, when an event took place which it would not be improper to mention. The general conference of the M. E. church and the A. M. E. church were both in session at the same time, and the M. E. general conference sent a delegation to our general conference for the first time in our history to witness the fraternal relations and proposed terms for their colored members, which would be unnecessary to give in detail at the present. Speech-making was the natural sequence, and one of the white ministers had delivered an able and eloquent address, and another was about midway with his speech, when a telegram was handed to Bishop Payne, announcing a great victory for the Union army over General Lee, of the Confederate army, in Virginia. Bishop Payne arose to his feet, and regardless of the visiting white brother, who was addressing the conference, read the dispatch and said:

"Let us sing 'Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow,' and Elder Ward, of California, will go to the pulpit and read thanks, and pray God's further blessing upon the Union army." Every one sprang to their feet and sang Old Hundred with a pathos that we have never heard equalled. The congregation then knelt in prayer and Elder Ward led and of all the petitions, that ever were sent to heaven in behalf of our enslaved brethren in the south and for their freedom, certainly went to heaven that day. He prayed with so much force and eloquence and marshaled so much scripture in his prayer, that nearly every one forgot for what purpose we had gone to our knees. Each of the five white ministers turned around to look at the prayer, and the bulk of the congregation arose to their feet, and such was the sensation and excitement that followed that we had to adjourn; and if our recollection is correct, we never did flush up our fraternal business.

Bishop Ward was a peerless orator and signally gifted as a poet. He did not possess the cyclone eloquence of a Bascom, nor the argumentative eloquence of a Whitfield. We would judge he did not possess the stinging vehemence of Savonarola, nor the scientific eloquence of Dr. Chalmers, of whom it was said, "God does not need suchatory to convince men." But Bishop Ward was a cross between Dr. Munsey and the great Sumnerfield. In the A. M. E. church he stood as much alone among his contemporaries in the classic form of style, though not a classical scholar, and in the graceful, rhythmical construction of his periods, and the easy and lucid fluency of his clauses as ever Lactantius stood out in his bold individuality among the contemporaries of his day.

Dr. Tanner, now bishop, wrote to Bishop Ward in 1866 and asked him if he would be elected and he replied as follows: "My Dear Brother in the Lord."

"You wish to know where I was educated? If you have ever been in Centre county, Pa., you have seen a little valley called after the founder of the Keystone state. To the west of this vale is the Allegheny mountains bathed in the golden glories of the setting sun, when the winds sweep over the pine-clad mountains and the forked lightnings leap from mountain cave to valley deep, when the thunder drums mingle their terrific sounds with the voice of the storm, from these I learned the lesson of God's power—the vengeance and wrath of His ire. My soul was humbled when I heard God's thunder here and

moning his armies to battle. The walls of those stately mountains, the sunlit and star-paved sky, and the grand-clad earth were my alma mater. I saw books were the sleeping river, the opening road, the bubbling brook, the brilliant apple blossoms, the thunder-riven oak, the russet peach, the flaming stars, the sparkling, limpet spring and the soft, whispering sycamore. The warbling of nature's feathered harpers often reminded me of the music which is heard in the city of God—the New Jerusalem. The frost-bloom of winter, and the June-bloom of summer all reminded me of the mutability of life. Thus, in passing through life, I have found a gem of thought from this mind and the other book.

The only positions I have filled have been a plough and a Methodist preacher. Twenty-four years I have been an officer in the army of the A. M. E. church—such I hope to be until my death shall touch the other shore—the Eden land, where with crown and harp and robe and palm, I hope to spend a sun-bright day, a cloudless noon, an ever opening morn.

The bishop was born in Pennsylvania in 1823 and embraced Christianity in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, and was licensed to preach at a very early age, possibly in his twelfth year. He was elected to the bishopric by the general conference sitting in Washington, D. C., in May, 1868, in company with Revs. James A. Shorter and John M. Brown, and singular, too, the general conference passed a resolution to elect two bishops, and just as we were about to proceed to elect, Rev. Henry J. Young arose and spoke of the needs of California, and said: "California ought to have a bishop and here is Ward, why not elect him for that field?"

For he has been taking care of it for many years, etc., and the general conference proceeded to elect three, under the name of the Rock of Ages, and Ward was among the number, who, after being consecrated, returned to California and remained till the general conference of 1872, which met in Nashville, Tenn., and was assigned by that body to work in the south and spent the remainder of his time on this side of the Rock of Ages.

As a financier, church builder and extender of the work of the church, including its literary interests, even to college building, Bishop Ward took rank among the best. When he wanted a church built at any particular point, he selected his preacher and told him to go there and build a church and report the same to his next conference, and it was generally done. He was the friend and supporter of missions and was always deeply concerned about African missions; singular, that the three bishops, who have died since the last general conference, were the staunchest friends of African missions in the church—Brown, Payne and Ward. Had the writer been called upon to have selected who should go these three bold defenders of African missions would have possibly been passed by for the present. But God carries His workmen and still carries on His work. Others will be raised up to trust, to take their places. As one, should our life be spared, to witness the election of other bishops to fill the vacancies, we shall vote for no man who does not possess the spirit of African missions and proclaim the same in advance.

This sketch by no means does justice to the merits and worth of Bishop Ward. But we are not in the mood to extend it further. We will notice this fallen hero again when, we trust, we will be in a better mood. Suffice it for the present to say Bishop Ward is dead and yet he is not dead. He has simply passed over to receive the greetings and congratulations of his colleagues in the persons of Bishop Quinn, who ordained him, and Campbell, Brown, Payne and a grand galaxy of Episcopal fathers from his own church, and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands and thousands of others who are robed, crowned and palmed in the city of the New Jerusalem.

Farewell, Bishop, for a few days! For we expect to be with you soon. Who next? Lord, who next?

From Rev. Geo. D. Decker.

FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE.

WEST AFRICA, May 15th, '94.

RIGHT REV. H. M. TURNER, D. D., LL. D.

Dear Father—I know you are very anxious to hear from me this time. I have written you two respective letters, one of which you must have gotten by this time. The other will find you in a few days. I posted you one of our local papers last week announcing the laying of the foundation and corner-stones of my new church, and I am now posting another in this mail, which, with this my letter, will tell you that the ceremonies have been performed.

I fixed last Thursday, the 10th inst., as the day for the business. The hour fixed was 4:30 p. m. It would have done your eyes good to see the friends and members of our churches pressing their way up the hill, and the host of our military men as they descended the hill from their barracks to witness the sight.

The whole morning of that day was occupied by our people and friends in erecting shades and fixing seats to accommodate the masses expected to be present, while the children of my day and Sabbath schools were busy gathering flowers and decorating the arches of palm leaves.

At 5 o'clock everything was in readiness. The building committee, seven in number, the layers of the stones—ladies and gentlemen whose names I may give you hereafter, the officers of my church, the friends of our Zion church, the soldiers from the barracks and a host of numerous friends were all on the spot. Presiding Elder Frederick, Elder Steady and myself were in our robes. The preliminaries were led by Elders Frederick and Steady and I followed with the address. I gave an outline history of my life, my parentage, my call to the ministry and how I met Bishop Turner, of my appointment to this mission, which I have been the instrument in God's hand to inaugurate, and that I have the honor of being the first to lay the first foundation stone of the African Methodist Episcopal church in Sierra Leone, West Africa.

The building is 50 by 30. Beside the foundation stone eight corner-stones were laid. One of the stones, which was the missionary stone, was left for the members of the mission board in America to lay. They were represented by Elder Frederick. As each friend lays his stone, says down his subscription, and the members of the building committee passed a resolution which they have submitted to Elder Frederick for presentation to the mission board in America to the effect that they should contribute their own share of subscription to the stone which had been specially left for them, which, with the others, will be published hereafter. We shall be expecting it.

Now let me proceed to give you the names of those who laid the stones. The first was laid by the building committee: Messrs. S. Conger Thompson, A. J. Ferguson, Z. T. John, James Leigh, E. C. Coomber, James C. Williams, Alexander John Cole, David Allen Coker, all of them excepting the three last are members of other churches. They were a deep and lively interest in my work. Of their own accord they bind themselves to take up the work and relieve me of all cares, excepting that I collect the means from friends and give them as assistance. They, themselves, at the same time, are deepening their hands into their pockets. The second stone was laid by Mr. Chas. Brown, a churchman and a good friend of my work.

The third stone was laid by Mrs. Horner Pratt, a distinguished member of the United Methodist Free church. Mrs. Pratt has rendered me many helps in my work and we were all pleased to see her present with us that day afternoon.

The fourth stone was laid by Madam Mary Gunn. She too is a member of the Free church.

The fifth stone was laid by Mrs. Cline, in place of our grand friend, B. Freeman, who was ill.

The sixth was the soldiers' stone, which was laid by two of the soldiers of the West India regiment in their full dress. They are members of my church—Jos. Lee and J. Coates. When this stone was about to be laid, all the soldiers came around the stone, and after the ceremony was gone through, they threw in their contributions. We are greatly indebted to the soldiers for the help which they often rendered me in my work.

The seventh stone was laid by my great benefactor, Mr. Chas. T. McCarthy. I cannot speak too highly of this young gentleman in the civil service of the surveyor's department, who, although not a member of my church, yet has been rendering me all financial help, and has been giving our church all the necessary support.

The eighth stone, the missionary stone, was represented by Elder Frederick.

I named the church Prospect Church. The workmen are all in earnest—pray for us; I know you will have to preach in it; do next year—may God hasten the time.

I wrote a letter to THE VOICE OF MISSIONS some time ago, giving an account of the great reception meeting of the late Bishop Hill and his co-workers and of the two black bishops for Equatorial Africa held in our great Wilberforce hall. I was expecting sister Young to publish the letter as I knew it would interest our friends of mission in America and elsewhere.

I must close with best wishes for your welfare, in which my dear wife fondly unites, nor forgetting our dear sister Turner.

I am, Bishop, your son in Christ, Geo. Dove Decker.

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Rev. W. B. DENNICK, D. D.,
Associate Editors:
BISHOP A. C. VEDD, D. D.,
BISHOP J. A. HANDY, LL. D.,
Rev. JOHN C. BROCK,
Rev. J. B. STANBERRY, D. D.,
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The Church Entertainments Won't Pay Off Our Debts.

BY PROF. SOLOMON G. BROWN.

Written for the Voice of Missions.

We're noticed in reading that men are divid d About government of churches and how to sustain: Yet in their conference they're not yet decid d— How much of old customs should longer remain.

I read heated discussions on church entertainments. Can these be questions of if very grave doubt? Some churches demand a total reformat— Contend that these customs be hastily thrown out.

The present church debt is too large in proportion— To place on a people not able to pay. To satisfy some in their vain, fancy notions, The churches are harlequin and all growing to-day.

So when you will "Come up, dear husbands, We owe a big debt since our foundation was laid; Please come while we sing and bring up your money— Our pockets are empty and they must be paid."

They'll sing old ditties and tell funny stories, Repeating old tales that the people may laugh; They'll sing old ditties and tell funny stories, They fix the sum needed and get only half.

Apply for good presbytery with no means to pay them. Expect them to beg of all he chance meet, Battering to things not right to support them— What good they might do they often defeat.

They send young missies with many desires, As punch cards, as pass books, with other new tricks, They throw them in contact with such who eat, They return with few pennies and morals much mixed.

They'll publish injunctions, draw all sorts together, They pay a small entrance, complete for some price; Months' services without money and beg it from others, They pay no regard to its cost or its sin.

The time coming by, next come a fore-closure, One need not roll far or make a great search To be made ashamed at this swift response— Regret and lament at the sale of our church.

Church members, awake! do you know how bad, Demand for your pastor some pure reform! So a free church that shines out in beauty, The church we see gathering, foretells a great storm.

Why will you place on a poor simple people, Who cannot for sin or the danger thereof, Build thousands of more churches with high, gilded steeples, One thousand more buildings than they can support?

WASHINGTON, D. C.

VOICE OF MISSIONS.

While the VOICE OF MISSIONS is by no means the equal in size of some of other papers published in this country by members of the Negro race, such as the Freeman, the Christian Recorder, New York Age, Colored American, Cleveland Gazette and others, that could be mentioned, we can congratulate ourselves upon the fact that if referred to this office can be relied upon, we are doing more to acquaint foreign countries with the condition of our people in this country than all the others put together. Almost weekly letters are coming to this office, making inquiries and referring to matters which they saw in the Voice of Missions from the very ends of the earth. We do not mean to imply that our paper is as able or as learnedly edited, or that it has such an array of correspondence as some terms as scullions, asses, hyenas, "devil in hell," which makes some of our readers quite nervous, but for all that THE VOICE OF MISSIONS finds a welcome among the most exalted, as well as among the most uncouth.

We venture to say that no other country pays \$53.00 postage on their papers to foreign countries. Yet ours is only a monthly. Suppose it was a weekly, why the other fellows would be nowhere. We admit that our foreign mail does not quite pay for itself, but it, nevertheless, is no great loss to us financially, and morally and intellectually it is wielding an influence that is benefiting thousands and will make THE VOICE OF MISSIONS a mighty paper in the future, unless it should fall into the hands of some narrow-minded and gizzard-hearted failure.

Many friends of Mrs. Mary Foster will be pleased to know that she reached Chicago safely and that her self, husband, mother and son are doing well.

ACCOMPLISH YOUR MISSIONS! on the world under the protection of your own season.

WHEN A MAN AND WOMAN are united in their romance comes and their love continues.

THEY are so thankful, for the spirit of having to attend to so many other duties outside, we have never had any occasion to complain, every-

system of irrigation, and growing of useful trees, the use of manure and of domestic animals for agricultural purposes, the improvement of implements

decided to withdraw from the river trade, offered the place to us rather than to let any one else have it for

1894— June 6. Mrs. M. Campbell, towards

the bullets had gone through his lungs and lodged on the opposite side from where they entered.

And though we denounce wrong and wrong doers, we must be ever ready to forgive and help, for "we are wo-

men to them— no hundred

